

The True and Genuine Explanation Of One King James's Declaration.

J. R.

WHereas by misrepresentation
(Of which Our self was the occasion)
We lost our Royal Reputation,
And much against Our Expectation,
Laid the most Tragical Foundation
Of vacant Throne, and Abdication:
After Mature Deliberation
We now Resolve to Sham the Nation
Into another Restauration;
Promising, in Our wonted Fashion,
Without the least Equivocation,
To make an ample Reparation.
And for Our Reinanguration
We chuse to owe the Obligation
To Our kind Subjects Inclination;
For whom we always shew'd a Passion.
And when again they take occasion
To want a King of Our persuasion,
We'll soon appear to take Our Station,
With the ensuing Declaration.
All shall be safe from Rope and Fire,
Or never more believe in **J. R.**

J. R.

When We Reflect what Desolation
Our Absence causes to the Nation,
We would not hold Our self exempted
From any thing to be Attempted,
Whereby Our Subjects, well Beguil'd,
May to Our Yoke be Reconcil'd.

Be all Assur'd, both Whigg and Tory,
If for past Faults you can be sorry,
You ne're shall know what we'll do for you.
For 'tis Our noble Resolution
To do more for your Constitution,
Than e're we'll put in Execution.
Tho some before us made a pother,
England had never such another,
No not Our own Renown'd, Dear, Brother.

We have it set before Our Eyes,
That our main Interest wholly lies
In managing with such Disguise,
As leaves no room for Jealousies.

And to Encourage Foes and Friends
With Hearts and Hands to serve our Ends;
We hereby Publish and Declare
(And this We do because We Dare)
That to Evince We are not fullen,
We'll bury all past Faults in Woollen;
By which you may perceive We draw
Our wise Resolves from Statute-Law:
And therefore by this Declaration
We promise Pardon to the Nation,
Excepting only whom We please,
Whether they be on Land or Seas.

And farther Bloodshed to prevent,
We here Declare Our self content
To heap as large Rewards on all
That help to bring us to *Whitehall*;
As ever did Our Brother Dear
At his Return on Cavalier:
Or We, to Our immortal Glory,
Conferr'd on non-resisting Tory.

Then be assur'd the first fair Weather
We'll call a Parliament together,
(Chuse right or wrong no matter whether)
Where with united Inclination
We'll bring the Interest of the Nation
Under our own Adjudication:
With their Concurrence we'll Redress
What ~~We Our self~~ think Grievances,
All shall be firm as Words can make it,
And if We promise, what can shake it?

As for the Church, we'll still Defend it;
Or if you please, the Pope shall mend it:
Your ~~Chapels~~, Colleges, and Schools
Shall be supply'd with your own Fools:
But if We live another Summer,
We'll then relieve them from St. *Omer*.

Next

Next for a Liberty of Conscience,
With which We bit the Nation long since,
We'll settle it as firm and steady,
Perhaps as that you have already.

We'll never violate the Test,
Till 'tis Our Royal Interest,
Or till We think it so at least,
But there We must consult the Priest.

And as for the Dispensing Power
(Of Princes Crown the sweetest Flower)
That Parliament shall so Explain it,
As We in Peace may still maintain it.

If other Acts shall be Presented,
We'll Pass 'em all, and be contented.
Let *H—y*, *W—k*, and old *C—*,
Draw Bills enough to load three Barges,
We'll give them thanks, and bear their Charges:
Whether they be for Partial Tryal,
Dull Judges Pride, or Self-Denyal,
For Royal Mines, or Triennial.

What ever Laws receiv'd their Fashion
Under the present Usurpation
Shall have Our Gracious Confirmation,
Provided still We see Occasion.

Our Brother's *Irish* Settling Act,
(Which We 'tis true Repent'd in *Engl*)
We'll be contented to Restore,
If you'll provide for *Teague* before;
For you your selves shall have the Glory,
To re-establish wandering *Tory*.

But now you have so fair a Bidder,
'Tis more than time you should consider
What Fonds are proper to supply Us
For that, and what your Hearths save by Us;
Therefore consult your Polyhymne
To find another Rhime to Chimny,
Or if I Bleed the Devil's in Me.

And left a Project in its prime
Should be destroy'd for want of time,
We'll soon refer the whole Amount
To your Commission of Account.
Thus having tortur'd Our Invention
To frame a Draught of Our Intention,
By the Advice of *H—ton*,
Wife *Ely*, *Fenwick*, and *Tom D—*
And, of all Ranks, some Fifty One.
Who have Adjusted for Our coming
All *Ginckles* fit for such a mummaging,
And 'tis their business to persuade you
We come to Succour, not Invade you.

But after this we think it Nonsense
(Beside it is against our Conscience)
To trouble you with a Relation
Of Tyranny, and Violation,
Or Burthens that oppress the Nation,
Since you can make the best Construction
Of what may turn to your Destruction.

But since Our Enemies wou'd fright you,
Telling Our Debt to *France* is mighty,
As positively We assure you,
As if We were before a Jury,
That He expects no Compensation
For helping in Our Restoration,
But what He gains in Reputation:
And all must own that know His Story
How far His Interest stoops to Glory:
Whole *Commons* in *France*
We doubt not He'll out-do the *Dutch*.
We only add, that We are come
By Trumpets sound, and beat of Drum,
For Our just Titles Vindication,
And Liberties Corroboration.
So may We ever find Success,
As We intend you nothing less
Than what you owe to old Queen *BESS*.